Tink-a-Tink.

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YES Beda, thus Beda, when I melancholy grow,
This tinking heart ſinking ſoon does drive away,
When hearing, ſounds chearing we blithe and jolly grow,
How do you while to you Shaccabac I play;
Tink, tink a tink, tink, the ſweet guitar ſhall cheer you,
Clink, clink a clink, a clink, ſo gaily let us ſing,
Tink, tink a tink, a tink, a pleaſure 'tis to hear you,
While neatly, you ſweetly, ſweetly touch the ſtring.
Tink, tink a tink, tink, &c. ſo gaily let us ſing.
Once ſighing, ſick, dying, ſorrow hanging over me,
Faint, weary, ſad, dreary, on the ground I lay,
There moaning, deep groaning, Beda did diſcover me;
Strains ſoothing, care ſmoothing, I began to play;
Tink, tink a tink, tink, the ſweet guitar did chear you,
Clink, clink, a clink, a clink, ſo gaily did I ſing,
Tink, tink a tink, a tink, a pleaſure 'tis to hear you,
While neatly you ſo ſweetly ſweetly touch the ſtring,
Tink, tink a tink, &c. ſo gaily let us ſing.